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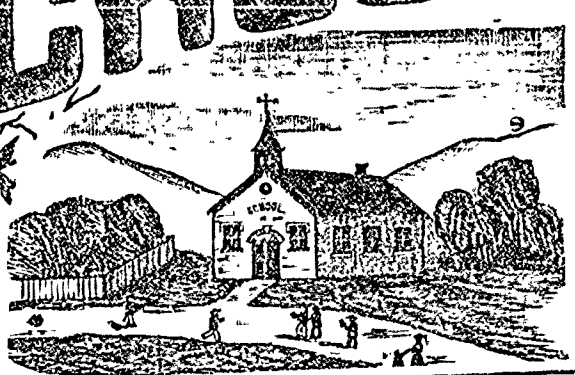
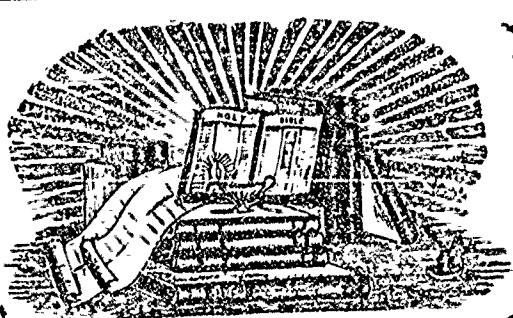
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# HOME SCHOOLS.



TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1885.

[No. 17.]

Vol. III.]

## Shoeing Forge in the East.

THE Arabs are fond of their horses. They treat them almost as tenderly as they treat their wives and children. As a result they have the finest and most docile horses in the world. The fleetness and gentleness of an Arab steed have become proverbial. The picture shows a characteristic Arab smithy. The odd-shaped horseshoes are seen in the foreground, and to the left is seen one of those lizards, perhaps a chameleon, which so abound in the East. Observe how gently the Arab mare caresses her colt, while her master holds her foot and the smith is clinching the nails in the other hoof. Customs have changed so little in the East that this picture will probably represent a scene in the days of Solomon, or perhaps in the days of Moses or of Abraham, as well as at the present day.

Hon. John Bright.

JOHN BRIGHT, the great Christian orator and statesman of England, received his first lesson in generosity from his noble mother. One day when he was toddling by his mother's side in a new suit of clothes, they were met by a poor widow and ragged little boy about the same age as John. On hearing the sad story told by the widow, Mrs. Bright took them to



SHOEING FORGE IN THE EAST.

her house, and the new suit was taken off John and given to the ragged boy. The impression made upon him at that time John Bright has never forgotten. He has become the friend of the friendless, and is everywhere honoured among Christians for his opposition to war and intemperance. The little orphan befriended by him in his youth still lives. He has made a fortune as a tradesman, and is a member of the Town Council, but is glad now to tell that he wore in his boyhood the clothes of the illustrious orator and statesman.

Let the reader remember that whether he lives in a large house, surrounded by plenty, or whether he lives in a small house, surrounded by poverty, he can and should have a generous heart. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

—):o:(—

"Promoted."

"I CANNOT think how it is I do not get on half so well at school as I used to before I was moved up. I was nearly always at the top of the class, and now I've hard work to keep from the bottom." Why, my boy, that is easily explained; it is just because you have been moved up. Is it not a great deal better to be at the bottom of the first class, than at the

top of the third?" "Well, perhaps it is; but it is not so easy."

This conversation between father and son set me thinking. Does not the heavenly Teacher deal thus with His scholars sometimes? and do they not feel discouraged at their slow progress, when they do not understand that they have been promoted? For instance, the *doing class* is an easy one to some of us. We thought we had learned the lesson of entire consecration quite perfectly, when we had said from our hearts, and lived out in our lives—

"Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee."

But the work was taken from us, and we were sent down, as we thought, into a lower class, and put to the uncongenial work of suffering. And we felt aggrieved, and did not take up our cross in the same spirit of perfect trust in which we went to our work. What a mistake we made! The Master meant it for promotion. We thought we were very near the top of the class when we felt all on fire at that precious meeting, as we sang those glorious hymns, which were the true language of our souls, and as our ready tongue made haste to give the joyous testimony it could not but speak. Well, our consecration was sincere enough, and God honoured it by taking us at our word, and we were called to bear the harder testimony of faithfulness in little worrying daily duties. We sang with all our hearts, "My will is the will of My God," and so it was when that will meant singing His praises and speaking for Him; but how about it when

"Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sadness doubles cares;  
And one unbroken strain of work  
The flagging temper wears?"

Some of us find out, to our bitter humiliation, that our environment is changed: we are strong or weak, as the case may be. But we know in our heart of hearts that this need not be so; "God is able to make all grace abound towards us." This is a plain statement of fact, as multitudes have proved, and, thank God! are proving to-day. If our resolutions are not strong enough, we need not be surprised. We have no right to expect more of ourselves, but we have a right to expect everything of our God. Whether the lesson is hard or easy, we cannot do without His help; so let us bring all our work to Him and ask Him to arrange the service and the discipline of our lives. Then, whether our path takes us through the Land of Beulah or the Valley of Humiliation, whether it seems an earnest strife or an easy victory, God will in all things be glorified; and what higher life could we desire?—*King's Highway.*

It is significant that although the sinews of war for the destruction of the Scott Act came from the whiskey wing, all the effort was concentrated upon saving the traffic in beer and light wines. No one opened his lips in behalf of the whiskey interest. Hence we learn that the effort to legalize the sale of beer and light wines was only a ruse; and that both branches of the traffic have one purse, and must stand and fall together. In speaking of the stand taken by the Churches in opposition to the above effort, the *Toronto Globe* speaks of Methodists as "seemingly a unit and a very determined unit at that."—*Wesleyan.*

#### By the Alma River.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;  
Let it drop that "soldier" toy!  
Look where father's picture stands,—  
Father, who here kissed his boy  
Not two months since,—father kind,  
Who this night may—never mind  
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,  
Call aloud that he may hear  
Who is God of Battles; say  
"O, keep father safe this day,  
By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child, never heed  
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,  
Right of nations or of creed,  
Chance-poised victory's bloody work  
Any flag the wind may roll  
On thy heights, Sebastopol;  
Willie, all to you and me  
Is that spot, where'er it be,  
Where he stands—no other word!  
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard  
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells  
Ringing through the town to-day.  
That's for victory. Ah, no knells  
For the many swept away,—  
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,  
We who need not,—just to keep  
Reason steady in my brain  
Till the morning comes again,  
Till the third dread morning tell  
Who they were that fought and fell  
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child,  
Poor the bed is, poor and hard,  
Yet thy father, far exiled,  
Sleeps upon the open sward,  
Dreaming of us two at home:  
Or beneath the starry dome  
Digs out trenches in the dark,  
Where he buries—Willie, mark—  
Where he buries those who died  
Fighting bravely at his side  
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,  
God will keep us, O my boy;  
He will make the dull hours creep  
Faster, and send news of joy,  
When I need not shrink to meet  
Those dread placards in the street,  
Which for weeks will ghastly stare  
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer  
Once again; a different one;  
Say: "O God, Thy will be done  
By the Alma River."

—*Dina Muloch Craik.*

#### Little Sins.

You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they creep on so stealthily that you scarcely notice them; by-and-bye you will find it impossible to turn them out.

I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a huge giant, covered all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and then took his throne.

#### Holding a "Durbar."

A MEMORABLE meeting took place in April between Earl Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and the Ameer (or king) of Afghanistan. The object of this meeting was to consider the recent aggressions of the Russians on the territory of the Ameer, and to come to an agreement as to its defence. The result was that such an agreement was made, and an alliance was concluded between England, as the Ruler of India on the one hand, and Afghanistan on the other.

The spectacle afforded by this meeting was so brilliant as to impress itself upon the memory of all who witnessed it. It combined all the splendour and show which attend Oriental display, with the military weight and polished ceremony of European celebrations.

The "durbar," as such meetings are

called in the East, was held at a place called Rawal Pindi, in the north-west corner of Hindoostan. From the gorgeous encampment which was pitched for the reception of the Afghan prince by the representative of the British Queen, could be seen, through the green hills, the broad, flat, sunny valley of the Indus; while the lofty mountains of the Khyber range, in the dim distance, bounded the horizon.

All around were the growths of a semi-tropical climate. The palm and the date-palm, orchards of many fruits though not yet in bloom, green pastoral hillsides, greeted the view.

The meeting between the Viceroy and the Ameer was one of serious business, with probably grave results to the history of the East. But outwardly, it was a superb show of troops and retinues, of glittering costumes and dazzling cavalcades, of elaborate ceremonial and right royal feasting.

The Viceroy was attended by a brilliant train of the native princes of India, who came appalled in richest cloths studded with the rare gems found in their valleys, and followed by crowds of turbaned and feathered escorts.

With the Ameer came a host of the barbaric chiefs of Afghan tribes, in flowing garments, glittering arms, and stern, swarthy countenances.

Amid the forest of tents which dotted the smiling Punjab plain, one especially was noticeable for its enormous size and its lavish decorations. This was the great "durbar tent," where the two potentates were to clasp hands and rival each other in flowery compliment. From its poles and staffs fluttered many a vari-coloured, gilded pennon.

It was spread with costly carpets woven with every hue; about its sides were hung curtains of gilded silks; its chairs were carved and gilded thrones, and stood on a raised dais. The Viceroy, surrounded by a dense group of native princes, of English officers, and of high officials, awaited the Ameer in the tent. The avenue leading to the tent was lined with rows of raised seats, which were crowded with European and Oriental spectators to the thrilling scene.

Presently the thunder of the cannon announced the approach of the Afghan monarch and his swarthy cortege. The many bands struck up, and a roar of applause greeted welcomed the Ameer as he passed into the tent. The Viceroy met his guest at the entrance, and led him to the thrones on the dais, and there he received the homage of the assembled dignitaries.

Then the Viceroy welcomed the Ameer "in the name of her most gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India; and the Ameer replied in his own tongue, with a highflown assurance of friendship.

Following this imposing ceremony were others not less striking. Rich presents were brought on trays by brightly arrayed Hindoo servitors, and a number of horses of the finest mettle and breed were led to the tent door; also gifts from the English to the Afghan sovereign. Then a feast was held, and the camp became a scene of hilarity.

Having thus paid his visit, the Ameer departed as the sun was sinking behind the Khyber hills. The trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Ameer passed along a road lined with twenty thousand English and Hindoo soldiers, arrayed in an infinite variety

of uniform, who saluted him as, with his turbaned attendants, he slowly returned to his own frontier.

Amid all the show, however, the Viceroy and the Ameer had had time to discuss the solemn questions of peace and war, and had come to an agreement that England and Afghanistan should stand by each other in what seemed a fast approaching conflict.

#### The North-West Problem.

"As Canadians," writes a well qualified observer in the *Methodist Magazine* (the Rev. Egerton Ryan, a young graduate Methodist missionary at Norway House), "we have most assuredly received a rude shock by the stirring events which are transpiring in our own Dominion. Our vanity is wounded, our record tarnished, and we Britons, who in Yankee platforms and in the press used to warble, in our own eyes, as we with much assurance contrasted, always to our own advantage, the methods of treatment pursued in reference to the Indians by the two nations, seem to have reached a period in our national history when we can sit down and ruminate on the proverb that 'they who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'"

Mr. Young is of opinion that the great cause of the present trouble is the scarcity of meat since the destruction of the immense herds of buffaloes. The advent of the white man, with his superior firearms and his eagerness to destroy the buffalo, either from sheer love of the chase or from longing for the profits to be made by the sale of the skin, has brought with it the comparative extinction of this great resource of meat for Indian and backwoodsman. The consequence is that the Indians are in a wretched, half-starved condition. "The transition has been too sudden; the old life was too deeply ingrained to be forgotten in a year, or even a decade. Placed on their reserves or settlements they have never felt contented."

According to this competent authority the whole system of reserves is a failure and a mistake. Mr. Young's theory for the future is the formation of a large Indian province north and east of Lake Winnipeg, in which all the Indians of the Dominion could be advantageously placed for their own happiness and welfare, leaving the great prairie regions, now dotted with settlements, free for the millions who shall till the earth and live contented on its fruitful soil. For we must remember that, while under skillful agriculture a single acre will more than support a man, each man in a forest country, according to Sir John Lubbock's estimate, requires 50,000 acres for his maintenance.

The whole question of Indian reserves demands the immediate attention of the statesmen of the Dominion, and we have no doubt that they will, as in the past, act kindly and justly towards the Indian hunters, and solve, with thoughtful humanity and patient firmness, the difficult problem that has now been set so prominently and unexpectedly before them. The Methodist Indians have thus far been loyal without exception, and Mr. Young believes they will all remain so. "Next to teaching them," he says, "to sing the songs of Zion, we taught them to sing 'God save the Queen.'"

WALK in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.

## The King's Daughters.

The king's three little daughters, 'neath the palace windows straying,  
had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,  
and the weary king smiled once again to hear what they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the oldest daughter said;  
"I am the oldest princess!" And her pretty face grew red;  
"What is there none can do without? I love him more than bread!"

Then said the second princess, with her bright blue eyes aflame,  
"Than bread? A common thing like bread?  
"Thou hast not any shame!  
"Hadst am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

"I love him with a love or love than one so tame as thine—  
"More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both bright and fine,  
"And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would sometimes halt  
for her dreamy way of thinking, said:  
"You are both in fault,  
"Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,  
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this is most absurd."  
And the king, no longer smiling, was grieved at what he heard.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steadfast gray,  
Could always move his tenderness and charm his care away.  
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered, "day by day."

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault  
That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,  
She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;  
He winked and nodded to himself: "That little quiet thing  
Knows more than both the others, as I will show the king."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;  
The king turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish and meat,  
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot find the fault,  
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."  
Said the youngest princess, shyly, "Dear father, they want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the king's dark face,  
As he sat his little daughter in the dead queen's vacant place;  
And he thought: "She has her mother's heart—aye, and her mother's grace."

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;  
It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;  
It comforts and it blesses, hour by hour, and day by day."  
—Our Continent.

## Recess.

EVERY one who has been at school knows well the meaning of the magic word *recess*. What a hurrying on of outside garments! What a wild rush out-of-doors! What whoops, screeches, racings, games, quarrels, fights, wrestlings! What thumpings on the window by troubled teachers! And oh, what muddy shoes, wet feet, and bad colds are sometimes brought into the school-room after this brief delirium!

There is a movement in the State of New York (now extending to other States) to abolish recesses, and dismiss the schools fifteen minutes sooner than

has been customary, that is, at a quarter to twelve and a quarter to four o'clock. Thus the time employed in school will remain the same. It is also proposed that in the middle of the morning, the windows shall be thrown open, and that the school shall rise and spend five minutes in calisthenic exercises, following a teacher.

The experiment was first made in Albany, New York. Superintendent Cole commends it highly, and enumerates some of its advantages:

1. The teachers are spared a great deal of trouble in investigating and dealing with the numerous offences formerly committed during the riot of the recess, and they are relieved from the painful fear of accidents and injuries to the children. No day passes in a large school without something going wrong in the play-ground during recesses.

In winter, many a child contracts fatal disease at that time, through neglect to put on the requisite clothing. It is during recesses, also, that the bullies of a school exercise their unfeeling tyranny, for then their victims cannot escape.

2. All school-boys know that during recess the bad and vulgar members of a school have the best chance to corrupt the rest, and that their chance is constantly used. If teachers knew what passes in play-grounds, what words are spoken, what deeds are done, they would fear to let their pupils go into them in a body. We notice that the parochial schools under the charge of nuns are never allowed to get out of the teachers' supervision.

During the whole of every recess, the "Sisters" move about in the play-ground, often joining in the games, always in sympathy with innocent sport, but never letting the pupils go beyond the range of their watchful ears and eyes. Their mere presence restrains those who would do wrong.

Mr. Cole remarks that it has been found a very welcome relief to tired mothers to get their older children in time to set the table, and take dinner to a hungry father. He states that five hundred children in Albany used to be excused daily at half-past eleven, that they might carry the dinner to fathers or brothers at work in distant places.

These are some of the arguments in favour of transferring the recess from the middle to the end of school-hours. They are worthy of consideration. We do not say that they are conclusive, although the case is pretty strong. The objections to the recess system do not apply with equal weight to all schools.

Where there are but forty or fifty scholars they may safely enough enjoy the brief interval of play. The dangers are also greater where both sexes are received in the same school, than where they are separated; greater in boys' schools than in schools for girls; and greater in schools for boys where there are large and small pupils, than in those where they are nearly of the same age.

What should be done must be determined after careful observation and experience. To reform recess out of schools altogether might prove as bad a policy as a system of universal recess.

BETTER fill your hands with stinging adders and clawin' scorpions; better tag your bosom vipers and serpents, than to hide and harbor one darling sin within your soul.

## Miss Carter's Class.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL was over; the superintendent stood at the table surrounded by a group of teachers, who, one by one, made known their errands and departed, leaving him alone with a young lady who had patiently waited her opportunity.

"Well, Miss Carter?" he said, enquiringly.  
"I waited, Mr. Tolman, to tell you that I must give up my class."

"Why?"  
With a laugh that sounded almost a sob she replied. "Because I am neither Oliver Optic nor Mayno Reid."

"That seems a strange reason why your class should lose its teacher."  
"I mean," explained Miss Carter, "that my boys feed upon such highly spiced food during the week that the fare I am able to provide does not suit their taste. You saw how they behaved to-day."

"Yes, you lost control of them."  
"Entirely; and, Mr. Tolman, you don't know how hard I have tried to interest them. I've told them the most thrilling stories; I've drawn my illustrations from history—ancient and modern; I've read piles of boys' books, hoping to catch the style they like, but I cannot hold their attention, they grow worse and worse and I must give them up."  
"How about the 'old, old story'?" asked the superintendent, gravely.

"Why, Mr. Tolman, they wouldn't listen a moment if I should attempt it; they won't bear a bit of 'preaching,' as they call it. I'm sure they would never come to Sunday-school again."

"My dear Miss Carter," said Mr. Tolman, "those boys have selected you for their teacher, and you have accepted the charge; and the tie ought not to be lightly broken. I am not surprised that you are discouraged; seven restless boys are not easily controlled; but, Miss Carter, I fear in your efforts to entertain and interest you have forgotten the true aim of Sunday-school teaching. You have failed, you say, in your own plans and methods; have you sought help of the power that alone can bring truth home to those young hearts? The story of the cross will never lose its power. Try again, interest them by your own earnestness and love for your theme."

Miss Carter said no more. She felt the reproof and realized her mistake. She had felt competent to instruct her class in the lesson of the week; the personal application she usually omitted or referred to only in a general way that would not prove distasteful. Her moral lessons she prepared with great care, and it was her inability to hold their attention to these that had disheartened her. As the days passed she grew more and more humble, and, as never before, turned to the never failing source of strength. It was easy to talk of Romans and Spartans, of Alexander and Napoleon, but to interest her boys in the "story of old" seemed well-nigh impossible. It is seldom necessary to seek opportunities to impress lessons upon the young. Miss Carter's opportunity came the next Sunday during the lesson for the day. A railway accident that had been the topic of the week occupied the minds of the boys to the exclusion of other subjects. It seemed impossible to win their attention or prevent the whispered conversation that frequently broke in upon her explanations. Pausing a moment in her perplexity, "Father says the engineer might

have saved his life," she heard one say. "He saved lots of others though," said another. "Yes," remarked a third, "that's what I call brave." Here was the opportunity; the life given for others was her text, and never had the boys listened more attentively than to this story of Him who

"Suffered the pain and shame of the cross  
And died for the life of His foes."

The "old story" seemed to them now, and the earnest appeal from the full heart of their teacher impressed them. Weeks passed, but Miss Carter's boys seemed not to weary of the Sunday-school. There was sincerity and love in the voice that now invited them to the Saviour, and the personal interest in each was a tie that bound them firmly to their teacher. She was often dismayed by their ignorance, their erroneous ideas, their thoughtlessness and weak moral sense, but her patience and zeal seemed equal to every demand, and love for her work forbade the thought of relinquishing her charge. Nor were her labours fruitless; the boys "took knowledge of her," and seeing the Christian life and character so exemplified in one they loved, were ready to follow whither she led.

## Turning Points.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."  
—Ps. cxix. 130.

A PROFANE shopman crams into his pocket a leaf of a Bible, and reads the last words of Daniel: "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days," and begins to think what his own lot will be when days are ended.

A Göttingen professor opens a big printed Bible to see if he has eyesight enough to read it, and alights on the passage: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not," and in reading it the eyes of his understanding are enlightened.

Cromwell's soldier opens his Bible to see how far the musket-ball has pierced, and find it stopped at the verse: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

And in a frolic the Kentish soldier opens a Bible which his broken-hearted mother had sent him, and the first sentence that is seen is the text, so familiar in his boyish days: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and the weary profligate repairs for rest in Christ.

THE mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne—"Right Worshipful" they call him over there—presided at the Missionary Breakfast meeting in London this year and made some sharp points with comparative statistics and other statements. But what will our people think of his sarcasm because the Wesleyans did not give but \$1.25 per member for missions? He said there are more ministers of all denominations in London than there are missionaries on the whole of the mission field from all England. He says England has two thousand millions of dollars invested in foreign securities, and receives eighty millions dollars interest therefrom, and gives less than five millions from all the kingdom for foreign missions. The British Isles do the most magnificent giving, as a whole, that we know of.

**Will Ye Hear the News in Silence?**

Will ye hear the news in silence,  
How our gallant heroes fought,  
How they drove the creeping rebels,  
From the shelter they had sought?  
How they dashed among their foemen  
With resounding British cheers?  
Worthy sons of worthy fathers,  
Are our gallant volunteers.

Will ye hear the news in silence,  
How when bullets fell like hail,  
They stormed the deadly rifle pits,  
With a rush that could not fail?  
How they drove the routed rebels  
Through the coul'ce, o'er the plain?  
As our fathers did aforetime,  
So their sons have done again.

Will ye hear the news in silence—  
News of brilliant victory—  
How Batoche by storm was taken,  
And the prisoners were set free?  
How our gallant heroes triumphed,  
In the fierce and deadly fray;  
How our boys like seasoned veterans,  
Bore themselves throughout the day?

No! not in careless silence,  
Will we hear the stirring tale,  
Of our boys too proud for silence,  
We ring out our glad "All Hail."  
"All Hail!" to those who faltered not,  
Those who know no craven fears,  
God bless," we cry, "God bless and keep  
Our glorious volunteers."  
—Garde.

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**Home & School:**

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. - Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1885.

**The Revised Old Testament.**

WHILE the Revised Version of the Old Testament has not been received with such eager curiosity as that of the New Testament, neither has it awakened such a storm of opposition. The changes of the text from that of the time-honoured Authorized Version are much less frequent and less striking and will, we think, be received with very slight opposition. The extreme literalness of the New Testament revision, which has often marred the age-endearing associations and euphony of the sacred words without any adequate increase of clearness, is not here so apparent. Indeed one might read many chapters, and scarce be conscious of any change at all. Still the reception of either version should not be a matter of mere taste or of personal preference. The real question is, Does the new version more fully and clearly convey the exact meaning of the original text? There can be no question that it does. It betrays very great lack of modesty for even a scholarly critic to oppose the deliberate and carefully-formed convictions of a body of the most learned men of two continents who for years have been labour-

ing in concert on this great work. This revision is an epoch-marking event. The result of the highest criticism is brought to every man's hand. It is safe to say that not a sermon will be preached, that scarce a Sunday-school lesson will be taught, without feeling the influence of this revision. Some cherished texts may be modified, a few may be removed, and some shown to have been erroneously understood, but the truth—the truth of God—stands all the more steadfast and sure because the imperfections and accretions of human error have been removed. The things that cannot be shaken shall remain. The very severity of the scrutiny it has undergone will make the grand old book the dearer to the heart of the Church, will make it command more the respect, or at least defy the malice, of the worldling and the infidel.

It is a very happy circumstance that the best Biblical scholars of the New as well as of the Old World were engaged in this revision, and that their labours were harmonized in one result. It would have been a calamity had there been separate revisions—a different Bible for each nation. A common Bible for all English-speaking lands—the common source of inspiration, faith and hope—will be one of the strongest bonds of unity throughout the world of that widespread race which is moulding so largely the destiny of the earth.—*Dr. Withrow, in Methodist Magazine.*

*Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother.* By Marion Harland. Pp. 454. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

Marion Harland is the accomplished author of many useful books. Her special qualifications for the task of preparing just such a book of counsel and admonition on the mental, moral, and physical education of women, as only a wise, Christian mother can give, led to her being impertuned to prepare this book. Its purpose is to promote the development of that most important outfit for life—a sound mind in a sound body. The errors, and even the sins of ignorance are pointed out, and faithful advice is given, such as cannot fail to make those who follow it be more womanly, noble, and pure. It is calculated to make every one who reads it better in heart, in mind, in body.

*Abbreviated Longhand.* By Wallace Ritchie. 16mo, paper covers, price 25 cents.

One month's practice with this system will suffice to meet most commercial demands, and save treble the time and labour in imperfectly acquiring a shorthand system that may be forgotten if not followed steadily. J. B. Huling, 48 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

*From the Golden Gate to the Golden Horn.* A narrative of Travel and Adventure. By Henry Frederic Reddal. Pp. 380. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

We would like to see more books of the instructive character of this interesting volume on the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries, instead of the weak and watery stories with which they are so largely burdened. The reading of such a book as this broadens the mental horizon, and adds greatly to one's stock of ideas and of useful information. It is the narrative of



ANCIENT MODE OF GRINDING WHEAT.

the journey round the world of a couple of wideawake Yankee boys with their father, and their adventures in the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, Australia, India, Palestine, Egypt, and Turkey. Young readers will follow their journey with growing interest. The book is elegantly gotten up and well illustrated.

*The Canadian Methodist Magazine.* (Toronto: William Briggs.) The July number of this admirable Magazine presents a varied and attractive table of contents. Readers will find its papers possessed of intellectual, moral, and spiritual value. It also contains a number of good engravings.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

**Grinding Wheat.**

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

THE ancient Hebrews did not grind their wheat, or make their flour as we do. Even to the present day their mill consists of two circular stones about eighteen inches or two feet in diameter. The lower one is fixed; they are slightly convex; the upper one has a hole in the centre into which the grain is dropped, and upon one side is an upright handle.

This mill is worked by women seated on the bare ground facing each other, both having hold of the handle, by which the upper is turned round on "the nether millstone." The one whose right hand is disengaged throws in the grain as occasion requires. We are told that it is not correct to say that one pushes it half round, and then the other seizes the handle; this would be slow work, and give a spasmodic motion to the stone. Both retain their hold, and pull to or push from them as men do with the whip or cross-cut saw.

The proverb of our Saviour, in Matt. 24. 41, is true to life, for women principally grind. It is very hard work, and the task of grinding is performed by the lowest servants and captives, as we find in many places in the Old Testament. It does not appear that there were any public mills or bakers except to the king. Each family had a mill for itself, which, being so necessary, it could not be taken in pledge, or for debt. For in Deuteronomy we read: "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge; for it taketh a man's life to pledge."

The hand-mills of the ancient Egyptians seem to have been of the same character as those of their descendants,

and like them were worked by women. They also had a large millstone on a similar principle, but the stones were of far greater power and dimensions, and could have been turned only by cattle, or asses, like those of the ancient Romans.

As it was customary to grind every evening, the desolation of a city is called "taking away the sound of the millstone." Christ falling on man and grinding them into powder denotes their utter destruction for the contempt and rejection of Him. And in St. Matthew we read these words of our Saviour: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he was drowned in the depths of the sea."

The same loving Saviour will as carefully guard the little ones now, who believe in Him, as when He uttered those remarkable words. Strive only to be of His fold, and He will watch over and keep you from all harm.

REV. DR. DOUGLAS addressed the London Conference in the most eloquent terms. Referring to the action regarding the Scott Act by the Senate, he eloquently called on the Conference to stand shoulder to shoulder with their eastern brethren, and with them to speak in thunder-tones, that the rulers may know there is a public sentiment in the land. (Applause.) He believed we shall succeed. (Applause.) Referring to the future, he asked, "What is coming in fifteen years?" And in answer said: "I seem to see the great

**ELECTORATE OF THE 20TH CENTURY.**

rising like a Colossus before me with her swinging gait, with her eagle-questioning eye, with her tremendous energy in every feature I see her coming. What is the mission of the ministry but to clear the way? To clear the way of Sabbath desecration, of corrupt polity, of the destroying liquor traffic; and then in the coming time—a time we will likely not see, but the young men of this Conference will see—this glad age will come, with its glad evangel, with its song first sung on the plains of Bethlehem, which shall resound from Newfoundland to the Pacific—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

Beware of sin and its pleasures. It is a lying, painted cheat. Its pleasures are a sham, its pain a stern reality.



CURIOUS NESTS.

The Volunteer of '85.

LIGHTLY he left us, smiling, smiling,  
Soon to be back from the wars of the West;  
Sadly he came, amid weeping, weeping,  
His country's flag wrapped around his breast.

I gave him a flower as he donned his helmet:  
He said he'd repay me with blossoms more dear;—  
But he never came back till in death cold sleeping,  
Wild prairie flowers blooming upon his bier.

Kissing their hands to us, gaily they shouted  
"We will do all that brave men can!"  
Well was the promise redeemed, though to meet it,  
The bravest died on Saskatchewan!

Envy me not for all that's left me!  
You have your heroes and I have mine,—  
Yours come back with the thunder of cannon,  
And flags that were floating adown their line:—

But I would not give mine in his youthful beauty  
Sleeping the sleep of the brave and true,  
Who lived for his love, and who died at his duty,  
For all the heroes that smile on you!

Sleep, soldier! sleep; victorious though fallen,  
Dead to our eyes, to our hearts still alive;  
Young, and so brave, and so bitter the parting—  
One of the heroes of "Eighty-five!"  
—William Wye Smith.

Curious Nests.

PERHAPS the most interesting creatures in nature to study are the birds and their habits, especially those that live about our homes. All of their nests are wonderful, when you think of the skill and instinct of the tiny creatures, and many of them are very curious, several of which we have shown in our illustration.

The first is that of the tailor-bird, that makes its nest of leaves, which it skilfully sews together with spears of grass, using its beak for a needle.

Then we have the beautiful hanging nest of the oriole, or it may be that of the goldfinch or American yellow bird. The nest of the former is made of fibres

from the silk weed, while that of the latter is made of lichens.

Down in the left corner we see the nest of the red-winged black-bird, which is generally seen about ponds and marshes, and builds its nest in low bushes or tufts of sedges.

Last summer a pair of robins built their nest in just such a knothole in our old apple tree as the one you see in the right-hand corner of the picture. It was a very interesting sight to see the little ones poke their heads out when the old birds were bringing their food. You would hear a great noise and then we see several yellow mouths, for you know a young bird seems to be all mouth, then the old bird would talk to them in bird-language, drop the food into their open beaks and fly off in search of more. Such ravenous appetites did these little creatures have that my heart used to almost ache sometimes for the old birds, so patient were they and so many times did they fly back and forth. After they were older you would often see their little heads with their beady eyes peeping out and they looked very cute.

I confess that I am not certain about the middle bird and its nest. It looks to me very like that of a Peivee or Phoebe bird that built its nest in the porch over our dining-room door one summer. The peivee generally finds some secluded place in which to build its nest of mud, grass and moss, the inside of which is softly lined. I wish that you would hunt up this nest for yourself and many more which you will find delightful to study about.

The cutest of all little nests are those of the humming-birds. Perhaps you have seen one of these tiny creatures, the brilliant plumage of which is simply indescribable. Their food consists of small insects and the honey from the flowers. Their nests are woven into a cup-shaped cradle, made of cotton-thistledown, delicate little fibres and other soft materials. They build them on a low branch of a tree and cover the outside with lichens in such a manner

that the nest appears like a part of the branch.

I have not space to tell you more, but I hope that you will be interested enough to find out more for your selves. All God's creatures are wonderful.

Union—Its Sequel.

MANY friends of the Methodist union were fearful that some unfortunate results might attend a measure so speedily consummated. Strife and contention were predicted, and even some shrinkage would not have astonished the most earnest promoters of a godly work.

How mercifully and gently has the Great Head of the Church rebuked us. He seems to say, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?" Already the Western Conferences, not including Manitoba, show an increase of membership over last year of 17,318. The two Maritime Conferences just closed have added about 1400 to that number. It may therefore be concluded that the Manitoba and Newfoundland Conferences will bring the number to at least 20,000. A further pleasing feature is the harmony and satisfaction so generally prevailing. We here heard of slight friction in some quarters, but we learn from our obliging London Conference correspondent, whose letter in another column will repay reading, that not a single memorial demanded the attention of the committee appointed as usual to consider such documents. That this unanimity is not that of icicles is shown by the reports of the Conference and the growth of the membership. To God be the glory!

From the despatches to the daily press we learn that the net gain of our Presbyterian brethren in communicants in the same field during the past year has been six thousand. We congratulate them on their growth.—*Westeyan.*

The C. T. C. C.

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is now recognized among the most important educational movements of the times. It is a home school and college, counting its pupils in every English-speaking nation in the world, and having a roll-call of over 80,000 past and present members. Its plan of work is to provide for its members a course of home reading and study that shall include enough of history, literature, and science to give at least an insight into the higher education of our colleges, to induce habits of study, to create in the home the atmosphere of the universities, to help those who for any reason have not been able to get a college education. It has also a special course of reading and study for young people who, unable to attend the high schools, still wish to know what high school education means, and who wish to supplement the common school studies with something better.

So successful has been this system of home study that many attempts have been made in the same direction by the formation of reading circles, literary societies, and associations for the study of nature. Among the most important of these is the Agassiz Association of Young People for the study of Natural History, now numbering over 7,000 members. The Agassiz Association confines its attention strictly to the study and observation of nature, and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has hitherto only considered

pure science. The whole range of the arts, the art industries, agriculture and manufacture have, so far, been left untouched. There have been no attempts until now to form circles or associations for the home study of the industries. This unoccupied field of education the Chautauqua Circle now proposes to enter. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, recognizing the demand for industrial education, recognizing the unfortunate drift of so many young people into our overcrowded cities, and desiring to help young people to see the charm of country life, to learn the value of outdoor observation and study, and desiring to open fields of useful work, has decided to add to its great school a branch or annex devoted to the study of the leading industry of the country—agriculture.

This new Chautauqua idea includes a course of reading for winter evenings, and a first-class farm that will be the headquarters of the new school. The new circle is to be called the Chautauqua Town and Country Club, and is for any one; and every one who cares to know something, and who can read, can join the Circle at any time in the year. There will be no entrance examination, no requirements whatever except a willingness to take up one or more of the Circle's easy and entertaining labours, to read its few books, and pay its yearly fee of twenty-five cents for two years.

The novel feature of the C. T. C. C. is the programme of work. Every young person who joins this town and country club will be expected to do something on the farm, in the garden, the greenhouse, the window garden, fish pond, kennel, the poultry yard, bird house, barn or dairy or home. The pupils will be given a list of things to do, from which, whether he or she lives in town or country, is at home or in school, at work or at play, each will select the most convenient and pleasant. Each will faithfully carry out the work selected under instructions from the headquarters, and will send in a report of the work. There will also be an examination of the reading, and at the end of the second year every one who has passed the examination, read the books, and performed each year one of the works will be entitled to a diploma as a graduate of the C. T. C. C.

The new Circle is now fully organized, and with an enrolment of more than five hundred members. For particulars, address Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

OCCASIONALLY, but too rarely, at the present day, we hear of the committing to memory of Scripture. In his interesting autobiography, just published, Mr. Ruskin thus tells of the influence of the Bible upon his character and literary style: My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe not only much of my general power of taking pains, but the best part of my taste is literature. Once knowing the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolish times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English, and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into.

Elizabeth Zane.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name  
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of fame;  
She was the lassie who knew no fear  
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far  
frontier.

If deeds of daring should win renown,  
Let us honour this damsel of Wheeling town,  
Who braved the savage with deep disdain,—  
Bright-eyed, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago,  
They were close beset by the dusky foe;  
They had spent of powder their scanty store,  
And who the gauntlet should run for more?  
She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I;  
'Tis better a girl than a man should die!  
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.  
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,  
Around her the foemen in ambush lay;  
As she darted from shelter they gazed with  
awe,  
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw!" "A  
squaw!"

She neither swerved to the left nor right,  
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.  
"Quick! Open the door!" she cried, again,  
"For a hope forlorn! 'Tis Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait,  
Back she must go ere it be too late;  
She snatched from the table its cloth in  
haste

And knotted it deftly about her waist,  
Then filled it with powder—never, I ween,  
Had powder so lovely a magazine;  
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,  
Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.  
She gained the fort with her precious freight;  
Strong hands fastened the oaken gate;  
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears  
That had there been strangers for many  
years.

From flint-lock rifles again there sped  
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,  
And the war-whoop sounded that day in  
vain,  
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,  
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;  
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned  
hat—

He'd an army to back him, so what of that?  
Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,  
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!  
Hers is a record without a stain,—  
Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

—John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas for July.

Sunday-School Lessons.

THE Sunday-schools have taken up  
once more the study of the Old Testa-  
ment. Recent discussions in Sunday-  
school circles have brought out into  
clearer light the spiritual value of Old  
Testament study. It is a very imper-  
fect view of the Gospel which finds it  
only in the earlier portions of the New  
Testament. Whatever makes known  
to us God's ways and character makes  
known to us His Gospel. And Old  
Testament story is made up of parables  
from real life, which vividly illustrate  
"the Kingdom of God." That sin  
brings ruin, that God is merciful, and  
is able to save from ruin—these are the  
lessons of the Old Testament narratives,  
and in them is contained the Gospel,  
though the phraseology be not that of  
the latter eras of the unfolding of God's  
plans.

The completion of the revision of the  
Old Testament should add interest to  
the study of Old Testament history.  
The Sunday-school lessons are of neces-  
sity fragmentary. They must be sup-  
plemented by copious readings in the  
adjacent chapters. A part can be under-  
stood when a general view is obtained  
of the whole. The new version, being  
printed in paragraph form, is much  
better adapted than the old to conse-  
cutive perusal. There is no reason  
why, under the paragraph form, the  
Scriptures should not be read whole  
books at a time, as one reads a hundred  
pages of Macaulay's history at a sit-  
ting. When the Old Testament story

is thus read, a view is gained of the  
succession and connection of events  
which makes the theme of the whole  
more clear, and which adds to the  
interest of the separate parts of the  
narrative. Scholars and teachers should  
be urged immediately to take extended  
courses of reading in the revised Old  
Testament in its paragraph form.

There has been much shallow do-  
mination of "lesson leaves" Some  
say that the scholar should always  
have the entire Bible in his hands. To  
be consistent, they should object to the  
publication of the New Testament by  
itself, and should never read the "Pil-  
grim's Progress" except in connection  
with an edition of Bunyan's complete  
work. To read with profit the Sermon  
on the Mount, it is not necessary to  
have in hand the genealogies of the  
Chronicles. But, nevertheless, it is a  
great mistake to allow attention to be  
confined to the separate lessons. A  
general reading of the Scriptures should  
be continually urged.—Independent.

The Senate and the Scott Act.

THE Methodist Magazine has incur-  
red the adverse criticism of the Week  
for its utterances on this subject. In  
noticing the July number the Week  
remarks:

"In poetry Janet Carnahan asks  
and answers the question, 'Has Canada  
a History?' in the current Canadian  
Methodist Magazine. Mr. John Mac-  
donald's 'Leaves from the Portfolio of  
a Merchant,' read on three several  
occasions, is reproduced in this num-  
ber, and there are a number of other  
valuable contributions from well-known  
pens. 'Cowardly and treacherous' are  
not the terms, however, which one  
would expect to find applied by the  
editor of a Christian magazine to those  
who cannot see through the same  
coloured spectacles as he uses. 'Cow-  
ardly and treacherous,' however, are  
the terms he applies to anti-Scott Act  
senators."

The following is the article criticized.  
And we appeal to our readers whether  
we have shown the action of the sena-  
tors to be both cowardly and treach-  
erous:—

"One thing especially marked the  
Conferences of this year, and that is the  
strong, ringing protest which came  
rolling up in tones of thunder from  
Conference after Conference against  
the cowardly and treacherous action of  
the Dominion Senate in so mangling  
the Scott Act as to render it, should  
their amendment prevail in the Com-  
mons, scarce worth the paper on which  
it is written. Cowardly, we say—for  
those unvenerable senators from their  
coign of vantage can smite at the  
liberties of the people and incur no  
risk of being reached by popular in-  
dignation; and treacherous—for they  
betray the sacred rights of the people  
—the rights of the vast majority of  
the voters in the counties where the  
Act has passed, to have the twice-con-  
firmed enactment of Parliament for  
the restraint of the liquor traffic main-  
tained intact. The present writer was  
in Ottawa while the debate was in pro-  
gress. We heard three addresses  
against the amendment by Senators  
Videl, Billa Flint, and G. W. Allen—  
clear, strong, cogent arguments against  
tampering with an Act passed by such  
large majorities, and sustained by the  
moral sense of the community, and the  
great moral forces of the age. But  
although the weight of reason and of

righteousness was with the friends of  
the Act, at the despotic command of  
the hideous traffic in the bodies and  
the souls of men, a servile majority  
oversloughed and destroyed the rights  
of the majority of the voters in the  
Scott Act counties. It remains to be  
seen whether the Commons will ven-  
ture to confirm this atrocity. If it do,  
we believe that it will raise such a  
storm of indignation as will sweep into  
oblivion nine-tenths of the men who  
shall oppose the Act and present them-  
selves for re-election. As Dr. Hunter  
remarked in his eloquent speech on  
this subject, even should a snatch  
verdict go against us for the time, we  
will not falter nor have a jot of heart  
and hope. The moral forces of the age  
are with us in the conflict with one of  
the most gigantic evils of the universe:

"For right is right, while God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

Cricket Under the Rafter.

SING to me—sing to me, sad and low,  
Cricket under the rafter;  
Trill to me tenderly, mournfully—oh!  
More sweet than the lark's loud laughter  
Is thy plaintive voice in the evening's glow,  
That follows the fierce hours after.

Sing to me—trill to me—ah! my heart  
Lonely lies and forsaken  
Drooping in sorrowful silence apart  
By tremulous grief o'rtaken,  
And the voice is thine that can sooth its  
smart,  
Its tenderest hopes awaken.

Sing to me—ah! for a heart like thine,  
Cricket under the rafter!  
Then could I make all my sorrows divine  
That follow the fierce joys after;  
I could sing—I could sing, and a song were  
mine  
More sweet than the wild lark's laughter.  
—O. C. Airing, in the Critic.

More and More.

THE shameful outrages perpetrated a  
short time ago at St. Catharines, show  
clearly enough that the liquor party  
made no idle threat when it talked of  
a policy of incendiarism and assassina-  
tion. The anti-Scott Act Herald some  
time ago reprinted an article from the  
St. Louis Free Lance, in which pro-  
hibitionists were warned to "Look out  
for the axe and torch of the avenger,"  
and the statement was made that "If  
ballots cannot defeat prohibition, it  
will be defeated by bullets." At  
Georgetown and Kincardine the vil-  
lainous threats of arson have been  
fulfilled; and now the promises of  
personal violence are also being per-  
formed. Unoffending citizens who  
support the Scott Act are maltreated  
by lawless scoundrels, and property is  
injured or destroyed with deliberate  
malevolence.

The practical result of this nefarious  
conduct will simply be the opening of  
the people's eyes to the real character  
of the terrible drink traffic. For years  
this awful curse has been sapping the  
vitality of our nation, greedily enrich-  
ing itself with the ill-gotten plunder  
that means famishing babes and heart-  
broken wives. The recent deeds of  
open brutality are no more heartless  
and cruel than is the systematic des-  
poiling of homes, and the starvation  
and abuse of helpless dependents, that  
are the invariable result of the common  
sale of strong drink, and through which  
brewers and distillers have been grow-  
ing powerful and rich.

It will not be for long. In its reck-  
lessness and impudence the whiskee  
business has dug its own grave. It

has forced an outraged people to rise  
in self-defence, and they will not rest  
till they have crushed forever the law-  
less and ruffianly traffic in misery,  
shame, and sin.—Canada Critic.

THE Christians of Canada have a  
very pleasant custom, inaugurated a few  
years ago, of exchanging fraternal greet-  
ings, one denomination with another.  
One year Christian salutations were  
exchanged in Toronto between the  
Methodist, Episcopal and Presbyterian  
bodies. This year, a long and interest-  
ing account is given of the reception of  
a Methodist deputation by the Anglican  
Synod of Toronto. Eroyost Boddy pre-  
sented the delegation to the Bishop and  
Synod, expressing his own hearty greet-  
ings, and then the Bishop added warm  
words of welcome and of appreciation of  
the importance and work of the Methodist  
body. He would not, he said, minimize  
the differences between the two bodies,  
but they were not strangers, and there  
was ground sufficiently wide for them  
to stand upon:

"They held in common the sacred  
Scriptures as being of eternal obliga-  
tion, and all-sufficient for their common  
salvation. That was surely a platform  
wide enough for both. While in the  
eyes of the law they all stood on an  
equality as regarded rights and privi-  
leges as Churches, they should not  
increase the differences by that unwise  
policy of standing apart and viewing  
each other from a distance, but they  
should, as far as possible, work har-  
moniously together. He trusted that  
the old days of the odium theologium  
would have passed away, and that  
while they recognize their respective  
standards, they should be able to join  
together in promoting the cause of their  
common Redeemer."

Other cordial expressions of Christian  
regard were uttered on both sides, and  
the deputation departed, taking and  
leaving a delightful impression. Neither  
Church sacrificed aught of belief or  
principle in this interchange, and both  
were benefited and encouraged. May  
the day soon come when the custom  
will be universal among the Evangelical  
Churches; but that day will be a sad  
day for unbelief and bigotry.—The  
Independent.

We learn from a Western paper that  
at the recent session of the London  
Court of Revision, Messrs. Geo. Mac-  
beth & Macfie appealed against the  
assessment of the Carling Brewing Co.,  
which was fixed at \$125,000 for real  
estate, and \$40,000 personal. It was  
stated the value of the Company's  
property had been so depreciated by  
the passing of the Scott Act that the  
real estate was not worth more than 25  
per cent. on the dollar of its original  
value, and that the personal property  
was worthless.

With the electors, the liquor men  
argue that under the Scott Act there is  
more liquor drunk than under license.  
In the courts they plead that the liquor  
manufacturing business is ruined.—  
Citizen.

GERMAN statistics show that there  
has been an almost unprecedented in-  
crease of students during the last  
decade, and at the present moment  
Germany, with a population of 45-  
250,000, has 25,000 students attending  
her universities, while England, with a  
population of 26,000,000, has only  
5,500 students at Oxford and Cam-  
bridge.

## The Door-Yard Gate.

On making hinges it backward swings,  
Spurred from ruin by time and fate,  
The most familiar of old-time things,  
The rickety, loose-hung door-yard gate.

Over its portal, for years and years,  
A long procession went in and out,  
Some with hearts that were touched by  
tears,  
Some with laughter and merry shout.

Friends came to visit, and neighbours to call;  
On various errands, for talk or fun,—  
A motley multitude, if they all  
Could now be gathered beneath the sun.

The ardent lover, whose heart beat high,  
Seeking for life some fitting mate,  
Leaned over its framework with smile or  
sigh,  
And toyed with love and its soft debate.

The very wood upon which he leant  
Must have felt the pulse of a human thrill;  
And another form the bushes bereathed,—  
I almost see its beauty still.

Then followed a bride, with face as fair  
As any blossom the soft winds kiss;  
But some tinge of sadness takes its share  
In each wedding-feast—and it tinctured  
this.

There were good-by kisses as she went out,  
Bound for a world she did not know;  
The old gate opened, we will not doubt,  
To its most rapturous overflow.

But it opened, too, to the step of Death,  
To the cold white face, and the funeral-  
pall

That sickle whose greed for human breath  
Comes sooner or later to each and all.

The bowed pack-peddler, the tramp for food,  
Have ventured here a thousand times,—  
The one was a guest of the neighbourhood,  
The other trafficked for pennies and dimes.

Small feet have over its pathway crossed  
That would swing upon it with merriest  
glee,  
Which now in the larger world are lost—  
No happier guests did the old gate see.

Who would not give for that heart of youth,  
The sportive frolic, the childhood plays,—  
All fortune offers of fame or truth,  
Of wealth, of power, of place, or praise?

Feware the footsteps that now pass through—  
Over its portal there's silence to-day;  
The world is older, all things are new,  
And its time of favour fades far away.

But I see it still, arranged to swing,  
And the backward push it seems to wait.  
Oh, if Memory's halos crown one old thing,  
'Tis this rickety, loose-hung door-yard  
gate.

## Memorials of St. Paul.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

(Reprinted from the *Sunday-School  
Times.*)

It was on a beautiful spring day that I drove out to the reputed scene of the martyrdom of St. Paul. The road lies, for part of the way, along the bank of the Tiber. To the right lies the ancient *Marmorata*, or quay where marble was landed, where may still be seen the inclined plane on which the marble blocks were moved. We soon reach the gate of St. Paul, built by Belisarius, on the site of that through which the apostle must have passed. Just within the gate is the famous tomb of Costius,—an acute-pointed pyramid, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, on a base one hundred feet square. Though almost all things else have changed, this marble tomb presents the same sharp outline that must have met the eyes of St. Paul as he issued from beneath the grim arch of the neighbouring gate. At the foot of the pyramid spreads the little Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of many pilgrims from a foreign land, for whose return their loved ones wait in vain. Overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, I found the grave of the orring genius

Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words "Oor Cordium;" only his heart is buried there, his body having been burned where it was washed ashore in the Bay of Spezzia. His own pen thus describes this beautiful spot—

"The grey walls moulder round, on which  
dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary braid;  
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
Like flame transformed to marble; and be-  
neath

A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of  
death."

Near by is the grave of the gentler spirit, Keats, with its touching inscription,—  
"Here lies one whose name was  
writ in water."

About three miles from the gate of St. Paul, on a level spot begirt with low, rounded hills, is the ancient abbey of the Three Fountains. Once a rich and famous monastery with a humorous fraternity of monks, the deadly malaria has compelled its almost utter abandonment. Only a few pale Trappists now occupy the cells and observe the austere ritual of their order. A tall, grave brother, robed in a coarse serge gown, told in a low, sad voice the story of the fading frescoes and crumbling mosaics. He called my attention to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus trees, from which a more healthful condition of the soil and atmosphere was anticipated.

Within the little enclosure are three churches grouped together. The largest one dates from the time of Honorius I., A.D. 625. It has a grave and solemn character, and is adorned with coarse frescoes of the apostles. The chief interest centres in the church of the Three Fountains. It takes its name from the legend, that when the apostle's head was smitten off by the sword of the executioner, it made three bounds upon the ground, and that at each place where the severed head touched the earth, a miraculous fountain burst forth. In confirmation of this legend, there are shown within the church, three wells, surrounded with beautiful white marble enclosures. With a long-handled ladle, the monk dipped into one of the wells, and, with a courteous bow, offered me a draught of the sacred water. It was pure and limpid, but I am afraid that my lack of faith prevented my deriving from it the spiritual benefit which it is supposed to convey. In proof of the truth of the tradition, it is asserted that the first of these fountains is warm, the second tepid, the third cold; but I did not care to try the patience of my courteous guide by an exhibition of heretic doubt.

Over each of the fountains is a marble altar decorated with a bas-relief of the head of the apostle. The first is full of life, with a rapt expression of victorious martyrdom. In the second, the shadows of death already cover the noble features. In the third, the face is stricken with the icy rigours of the tomb. Despite the puerile tradition, one cannot but feel the spell of hallowed association rest upon his soul at the thought that in all probability he is near the spot where the hero soul looked its last on earth, and through the swift pang of martyrdom went home in triumph to the skies.

Doubtless—for even the stern Roman law made not war upon the dead—doubtless weeping friends were permitted to bear away the martyr's body for burial in those lowly crypts where "through many ages of oppression the persecuted Church found refuge for the

living, and sepulchres for the dead." Tradition affirms that the body was first buried in the crypt of Lucina, now a part of the catacomb of St. Calixtus. The legend goes on to say that the Oriental Christians attempted to carry away the honoured remains as belonging of right to them as the apostle's fellow-countrymen. A violent storm, however, it is said, prevented the accomplishment of this purpose, and the Roman Christians re-interred the body in a tomb which may still be seen in a very ancient and curious chamber connected with the church of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way. After visiting the Three Fountains I drove across the desolate Campagna to examine this tomb. Passing behind the high altar, and descending a flight of stone steps, one enters a vaulted subterranean chamber, around which are a number of ancient tombs. In the centre of this chamber is an opening in the marble floor widening in a vaulted and frescoed tomb about six feet square and as many deep. And here it is tradition declares the stolen body was placed.\* In confirmation of the tradition, Damascus, bishop of Rome, 358 to 384 A.D., placed here an inscription which reads in part as follows:

"*Hic habitasse prius sanctos cognoscere debes.  
Nomina quisque Petri pariter Paulique  
requiris.*"

"Here you must know the saints once  
dwelt. If you ask their names, they  
were Peter and Paul." And the in-  
scription goes on to recount the pious  
theft. But one's faith in the story is  
shaken by the association of St. Peter  
with St. Paul. The very minuteness  
of detail in the legends of St. Peter is  
their own refutation. In vain are we  
shown the chair in which tradition  
asserts that he sat, the font at which  
he baptized, the cell in which he was  
confined, the fountain which sprang up  
in its floor, the pillar to which he was  
bound, the chains that he wore, the im-  
pression made by his head in the wall  
and by his knees in the stony pavement,  
the scene of his crucifixion, the very  
hole in which the foot of the cross was  
placed, and the tomb in which his body  
is said to lie; they all fail to carry con-  
viction to any mind in which the critical  
faculty has not been destroyed by the  
superstitions of Rome. Nor is the evi-  
dence much stronger in favour of the  
tradition that the remains of the great  
Apostle to the Gentiles now rests be-  
neath the high altar of the stately  
Church of St. Paul Without the Walls.

## Victor Hugo.

VICTOR HUGO, the great French poet, dramatist and orator, died in Paris on the 22nd of May, 1885, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Thus closed a long life, full of activity and vicissitude, replete with literary triumphs, and noble and true in moral conduct.

Before Victor Hugo reached his twentieth year he had become celebrated as a poet. Even at the age of ten he had written poems which foreshadowed the success which was to crown him, in after years, as the greatest French bard since Voltaire. At fourteen he wrote a tragedy, in which the germs of genius betrayed themselves. At fifteen he contended for the prize of the French Academy.

He was scarcely of age when Chateaubriand, at that time perhaps the most

\* Engravings of this chamber and tomb are given in Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome," pp. 187, 188.

ominent of French writers, called him "the sublime child." And from that time to the day of his death, Victor Hugo was a conspicuous figure, both in literature and in politics, before the world.

Victor Hugo's father was a general in Napoleon's army, and fought with the "little corporal's" troops in the valleys of Spain. His mother was a Breton of noble blood, and a woman of strong character and Royalist sympathies.

The young poet began life as an ardent champion of the House of Bourbon. Before he was thirty, however, he had changed his political beliefs, and in 1830 he took part in the revolution which deposed Charles X. and placed the "Citizen King," Louis Philippe, on the French throne. He was created a Senator by that monarch, and for a while supported the Orleans dynasty.

But when the third revolution—that of 1848—broke out, Victor Hugo became a Republican, and a Republican of the most advanced and uncompromising type he always afterward remained.

No Frenchman more strenuously or more eloquently opposed Louis Napoleon as President than did Victor Hugo. So violent was his hostility, that when Louis Napoleon destroyed the Republic, and became Emperor, Victor Hugo was exiled, and a price was set upon his head.

The poet remained in exile, living most of the time on the island of Guernsey, in the British Channel, for eighteen years. During this period, he wrote "Les Misérables," the best-known of his romances, and some of the most famous of his poems.

Victor Hugo returned to Paris after the fall of Napoleon at Sedan in 1870, and when the third Republic was established. Some time afterwards, he was elected a life Senator, and this office he held at the time of his death. His literary career was a series of splendid triumphs. He wrote a number of thrilling dramas, mostly historical, of which the best known are "Cromwell," "Lucretia Borgia," "Hernani," "Marion de Lorme," and "Ruy Blas." He also wrote many long poems, the most noted being, "The Legend of the Ages," and "The Punishments." He also wrote a scathing satire on Napoleon III., entitled "Napoleon the Little."

Victor Hugo was impracticable and visionary as a politician, but had a burning love of liberty. Both in his works and in his public and private acts he ardently championed the cause of the oppressed, the humble, and the poor. His heart was as great and magnanimous as his genius was brilliant.

He loved men, and nature, and little children; and dreamed of a time when the world should be free, and united in a brotherhood of affection and liberty. He was a warm friend of America, and gave us many fervid words of God-speed in the days of our national trouble.

At the time of his death in ripe and prosperous old age, Victor Hugo was far the most illustrious Frenchman. In spite of his extravagances of opinion and utterance, his memory will be revered by Frenchmen of every party and sect; and all mankind will bow in reverent sorrow at this great old man's tomb.—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERY scholar should be a student.



**LESSON NOTES**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE KINGS.**

B.C. 907.] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug. 23.

**ELIJAH AT HOREB.**

1 Kings 19. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 11-13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And after the fire a still small voice.—1 Kings 19. 12.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

God visits and comforts his people in their hours of darkness.

**DAILY READINGS.**

M. 1 Kings 19. 1-18. Th. Matt. 4. 1-11.  
T. Ps. 139. 1-12. F. Ex. 33. 12-23; 34. 1-9.  
W. Deut. 9. 9-29. Sa. John 1. 1-18.  
Su. Isa. 51. 3-16

**TIME.**—B.C. 907. Immediately following the last lesson.

**PLACE.**—Wilderness south of Beersheba; and the Mt. Horeb, i.e., Sinai.

**CIRCUMSTANCES.**—After his great victory on Carmel, Elijah went to Jezreel, the residence of Ahab's queen, Jezebel, seemingly with high hopes that the new idolatry would be overthrown and the worship of God be adopted by the people with mighty enthusiasm. The unexpected result is recorded in the lesson for to-day.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—3. *Beer-sheba*—A town south of Judah, ninety-five miles from Jezreel. 4. *A day's journey into the wilderness*—Beersheba was on the borders of the wilderness of Israel's forty years' wanderings. He did not feel safe even in the kingdom of Judah, for its king had made alliance with Ahab. *Under a juniper tree*—Rather, a species of broom abundant in the desert. *I am not better*, etc.—No more able to do this reforming work than others who had failed. Elijah's despondency grew out of (1) reaction after his great excitement; (2) bodily and nervous exhaustion; (3) loneliness and want of sympathy; (4) a troubled conscience for running away; (5) enforced inactivity; (6) disappointed hopes. 5. *Slept*—His first need was rest. *Arise and eat*—His next was refreshment. 8. *Horeb*—The same as Sinai. *The Mount of God*—So called because the law was given there. 10. *Zealous*—Zealous; earnest for his cause. *They covenant*—God's law, and his promise to bless them if they would keep it. 11. *The Lord was not in the wind*—Here was not his great manifestation of power. *A still small voice*—God works most in nature by the silent forces of life, gravitation, heat, chemical affinity; and in the spiritual world the greatest results are from love, from character, from silent influences of the Spirit, etc. 15. *Go, return*—Work was one of the best means of curing his despondency. *Hazeael*—An officer who afterwards became king, and was God's instrument for punishing Israel. 16. *Jehu*—He became king in place of Ahab, and destroyed his whole family. 17. *Shall Elisha slay*—Not as the others, but by the powerful words he spoke. He was the still small voice, and did much to reprove and reform his country. 18. *Hath not kissed him*—Or kissed to him. Both were forms of idol worship.

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—Was Elijah justified in fleeing from Jezebel?—His journeyings.—The causes of his discouragement.—The first cure: bodily refreshment.—The second cure: a revelation of God's method of working.—The meaning of the scene on Horeb.—The third cure: more work.—The object of anointing Hazeael, Jehu, and Elisha.—The fourth cure: encouragement.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—What great work had Elijah just done? To what place had he come? What results did he probably expect from the work on Carmel?

**SUBJECT: THE CAUSE AND CURE OF DISCOURAGEMENT.**

I. THE DISCOURAGED PROPHET (vs. 1-4).—How did Jezebel receive the report of Elijah's doings on Carmel? What message did she send to the prophet? What did he then do? Was he right in running away? Would you expect it of such a man? Where did he go? How far was it? Where did he stop to rest? How did he feel? What is meant by his "not being better than his fathers?" What causes can you assign for such great discouragement? Do most people have such times?

II. THE FIRST CURE.—BODILY RELIEF

(vs. 5-8).—In what two ways was the tired prophet refreshed? Why was this care given him before any effort was made to comfort or reprove? Are angels still ministering spirits? (Heb. 1. 14.) How long did this food last him? What other two persons fasted the same number of days? (Matt. 4. 1-11, Ex. 34. 28, 29) Was Elijah fasting probably for the same reasons? Where did he go?

III. SECOND CURE.—THE REVELATION OF GOD'S METHOD OF WORKING (vs. 9-13).—What question did God ask Elijah? How does this question apply to us? Was the question a reproof? What was Elijah's reply? What charges does he make? How did the Lord answer him? What three great and powerful things passed before him? In what sense was God not in the wind and fire? What came after these? What did this scene teach Elijah as to God's method of working? How would this encourage him? How would you apply this teaching to our times?

IV. THIRD CURE.—NEW WORK (vs. 13-17).—What question did God again ask Elijah? Had the comfort God had so far given changed the facts? (v. 14.) What did God now tell him to do? Who was Hazeael? Jehu? Elisha? What part did each do in punishing or reforming Israel? How would this work help to remove Elijah's discouragement? Is this cure equally good for us?

V. FOURTH CURE.—THE BRIGHTER SIDE (v. 18).—What fact did God now declare to Elijah? Why had he not seen this before? Was v. 14 a true picture of the times without v. 18? Is there more good and hope in the country, the world, and in the Church than many see? Why should we look on the bright side? How will it encourage us? Should we also see the other side?

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

1. The best people sometimes get discouraged.
2. By caring for the bodies of men we may prepare the way for doing them spiritual good.
3. God cares for us and sustains us in our need.
4. God asks each of us, What doest thou here? Are you where you ought to be, and doing what you ought to do?
5. God's mightiest forces are silent and secret in their working—as light, heat, electricity, attraction.
6. There is far more good in the Church and in the world than many persons see.

**REVIEW EXERCISE.** (For the whole School in concert.)

16. When Jezebel heard of Elijah's work on Carmel what did she do? **ANS.** She threatened to take his life. 17. What did Elijah do? **ANS.** He fled into the desert, utterly discouraged. 18. What were the causes of his discouragement? **ANS.** (1) Bodily exhaustion; (2) want of sympathy; (3) absence of work; (4) disappointed hopes. 19. How did God encourage him? **ANS.** (1) By bodily relief; (2) by insight into God's ways of working; (3) by new work; (4) by a truer view of the facts.

B.C. 900.] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 30.

**THE STORY OF NABOTH.**

1 Kings 21. 4-19. Commit to mem. vs. 17-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord.—1 Kings 21. 20.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

The tendency of sinners is to grow worse and worse and end in ruin.

**DAILY READINGS.**

M. 1 Kings 21. 1-19. Th. 2 Kings 9. 14-26, 30-37.  
T. 1 Kings 21. 23-29; F. 2 Kings 10. 1-11, 22. 1-4.  
W. 1 Kings 22. 29-40. Sa. 2 Kings 10. 18-23. Su. Luke 12. 13-21.

**TIME.**—About the year B.C. 900.

**PLACE.**—Jezreel and Samaria, the capitals of Israel.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—4. *Ahab came*—To Samaria, from Jezreel. *The inheritance of my fathers*—It was contrary to Jewish law to part with it, except till the Jubilee year. (Lev. 25. 23-28.) 8. *She wrote letters in Ahab's name*—And therefore he was responsible for what she did, as he gave her permission by yielding up to her his seal. *Sealed them with his seal*—In the East, all letters and documents are stamped with a seal, instead of signing the name as we do. *Elders and nobles*—The popular assembly that

tried such cases. (Deut. 16. 18) 9. *Proclaim a fast*—As if a great danger threatened the city on account of some great crime. *Set Naboth on high*—i.e., Bring him before the assembly as a prisoner. 10. *Two men*—Because the law required two witnesses before any one could be executed. (Deut. 17. 6.) *Sons of Belial*—Belial is not a proper name, but means worthlessness. They were worthless, reckless fellows. *Blaspheme God*—Had reviled, spoken evil of the God of Israel. *And the king*—He probably had condemned Ahab's wickedness and idolatry. *That he may die*—His sons also were put to death. (2 Kings 9. 26.) So that he would have no heirs; and, as was a common custom, the property would revert to the king. 18. *Which is in Samaria*—Whose capital and palace were there. That was his home, although just now he had gone to Jezreel. 10. *Thus saith the Lord, etc.*—These words were fulfilled in Ahab's son Jehoram. (2 Kings 9. 25, 26) Ahab repented, and the Lord deferred the full punishment. (1 Kings 21. 29.) But it was also partly fulfilled in himself. (1 Kings 22. 34-38.)

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—Naboth.—Covetousness.—Discontent of those who have an abundance.—Seals.—Sons of Belial.—Responsibility for evil that we permit others to do.—The progress of sin in Ahab.—The end of Ahab and his family.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—How many years elapsed between the events of the last lesson and this? Give some account of what took place in this interval. What do we know of Elijah during this time?

**SUBJECT: THE PROGRESS OF SIN.**

I. COVETOUSNESS.—Where was Ahab's summer palace? What kind of a palace did he have? (1 Kings 22. 39.) Whose garden did he desire? (v. 2.) What did he offer for it? Why did Naboth refuse? Was it wrong for him to sell this inheritance? (Lev. 25. 23-28.) Had he as good a right to it as Ahab to his palace? Which of the ten commandments did Ahab break? Will any amount of possessions keep us from covetousness? Why not?

II. COVETOUSNESS LEADING TO DISCONTENTMENT (v. 4).—How did Ahab act when Naboth refused him? What kind of a spirit did he show? Will any amount of possessions keep us from being discontented? What will keep us? (1 Tim. 6. 6-8; Heb. 13. 5.) Is discontentment a sin? Why?

III. DISCONTENTMENT LEADING TO CONNIVANCE WITH CRIME (vs. 5-8).—Who tried to comfort Ahab? Why was it false comfort? What did Jezebel promise the king? What did he do to aid her? (v. 8.) What were seals used for? Was Ahab to blame for what Jezebel did in his name? Was she any worse than he? Are we guilty of the sins we permit others to do for us, when we dare not do them ourselves?

IV. CONNIVANCE WITH CRIME LEADING TO LYING AND HYPOCRISY (vs. 9-13).—What was Jezebel's plan? How were there two witnesses? (Deut. 17. 6; 19. 15.) What were "sons of Belial?" What was the object in proclaiming a fast? What were the charges against Naboth? Why might a good man be likely to speak against such a king as Ahab? Show why Jezebel must have been a hypocrite in her charge of blasphemy. What was the Jewish punishment for blasphemy? (Lev. 24. 11-14.)

V. LYING AND HYPOCRISY LEADING TO MURDER AND ROBBERY (vs. 13, 14).—What was done with Naboth? Who was stoned with him? (2 Kings 9. 26.) How would this bring the property into Ahab's possession? How many commandments were broken in obtaining possession of this vineyard?

VI. ALL THESE CRIMES FOLLOWED BY RETRIBUTION (vs. 15-19).—What did Ahab do when he heard of Naboth's death? Who met him in the vineyard? What did Ahab say when he saw him? (v. 20.) What doom did Elijah pronounce upon him? Meaning of the Golden Text? How was this doom mitigated, and why? (1 Kings 21. 27-29.) How and when was it fulfilled? (1 Kings 22. 34-38; 2 Kings 9. 24-26.) How was Jezebel included in this punishment? (1 Kings 21. 23; 2 Kings 9. 30-37.) What lessons can you learn from this history?

**REVIEW EXERCISE.** (For the whole School in concert.)

1. What further sin did Ahab commit? **ANS.** He coveted his neighbor's possessions.
2. To what sin did covetousness lead? (Repeat second heading, and so on through all the headings of the lesson.)

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